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## Elective Senior Recital: Sean Gatta, bass-baritone

Sean Gatta

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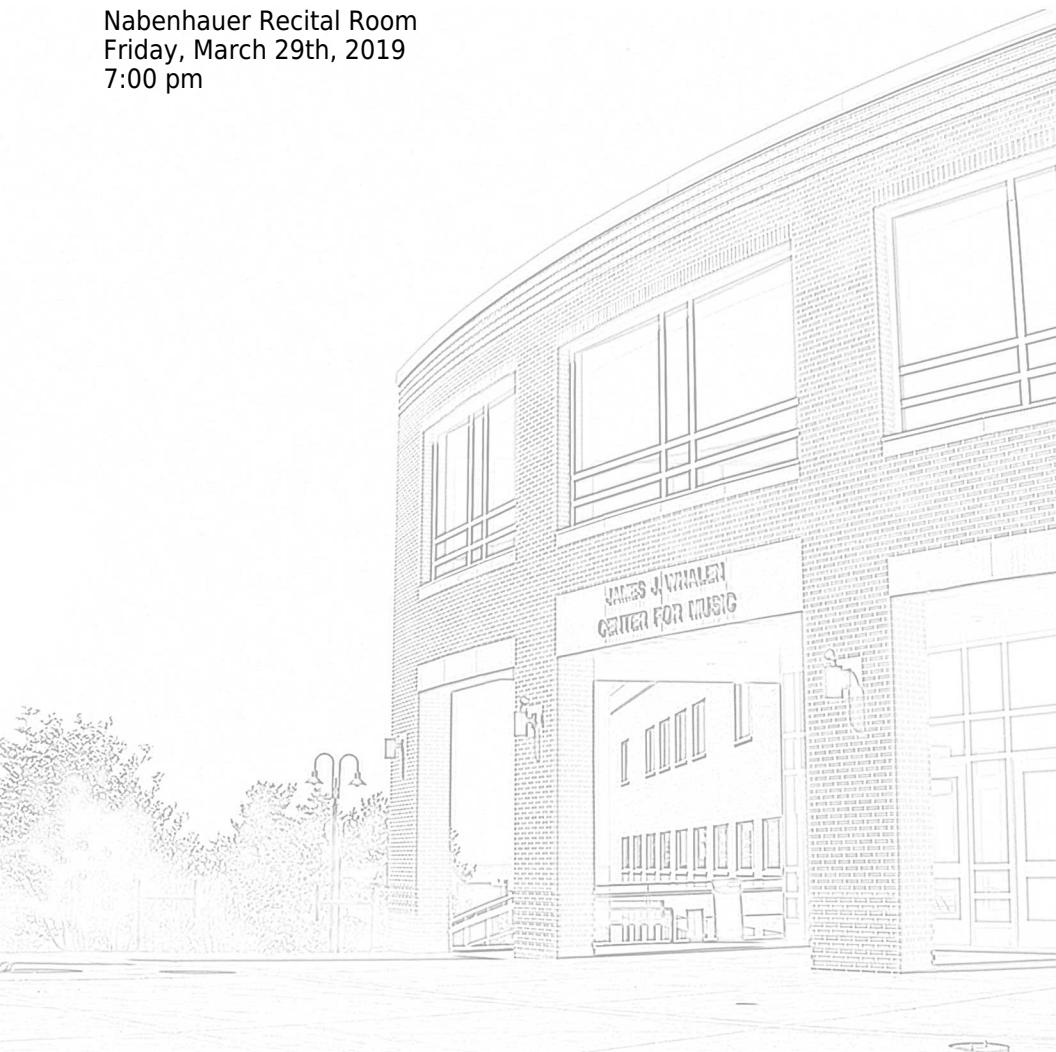
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# **Elective Senior Recital:** Sean Gatta, bass-baritone

Richard Montgomery, piano  
Megan Jones, soprano  
Ithacappella

Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Friday, March 29th, 2019  
7:00 pm



## **ITHACA COLLEGE**

**School of Music**

## Program

"Sorge infausta una procella" from <i>Orlando</i>	George Frederic Handel (1685-1759)
L'incanto degli occhi	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
O del mio dolce ardor	Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787)
<i>Winterreise</i> V. Der Lindenbaum VII. Auf dem Flusse XVIII. Der stürmische Morgen	Franz Schubert
Parc Monceau	Olaf Bienert (1911-1967)

## Intermission

"Credete alle femmine" from <i>Il Turco in Italia</i> <i>Megan Jones, soprano</i>	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
<i>El pan de Ronda</i>	Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)
<i>La mi sola, Laureola</i>	Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
<i>Polo</i>	Manuel de Falla
<i>Hold Your Head Up High</i> <i>Ithacappella</i>	Darlingside (b. 2009)
"Anytime (I Am There)" from <i>Elegies</i>	William Finn (b. 1952)

## Translations

### Sorge infausta una procella

Sorge infausta una procella  
che oscurar fa il cielo e il mare;  
splende fausta poi la stella,  
che ogni cor ne fa goder.

An ill-omened storm rises  
which darkens the sky and sea;  
a star will shine favorably,  
bringing every heart joy.

Può talor il forte errare,  
ma risorto dal errore,  
quel che pria gli diè dolore,  
causa immenso il suo piacer.

The strong may sometimes go  
astray,  
but, once recovered from the error,  
that which before gave him sorrow  
is now the source of his immense  
pleasure.

### L'incanto degli occhi

Da voi, cari lumi,  
Dipende il mio stato;  
Voi siete i miei Numi,  
Voi siete il mio fato.  
A vostro talento  
Mi sento cangiar.

On you, beloved eyes,  
depends my life;  
you are my gods;  
you are my destiny.  
At your bidding  
my mood changes.

Ardir m'inspirete,  
Se lieti splendetè;  
Se torbidi siete,  
Mi fate tremar.

You inspire me with your daring  
if you shine joyfully;  
If you are turbid  
you make me tremble.

### O del mio dolce ardor

O del mio dolce ardor  
bramato oggetto,  
l'aura che tu respiri,  
alfin respiro.

Oh, of my sweet passion  
craved object  
the aura that you're breathing,  
at last I breathe.

O vunque il guardo io giro,  
le tue vaghe sembianze  
amore in me dipinge:  
Il mio pensier si finge  
le più liete speranze;  
E nel desio che così  
m'empie il petto  
Cerco te, chiamo te,  
spero e sospiro.

Everywhere I look,  
your vague aspect  
gives birth to love in me:  
My thoughts imagine  
the most joyous hopes;  
And in the desire which, so,  
fills my chest  
I look for you, I call you,  
I hope and sigh.

## Der Lindenbaum

Am brunnen vor dem Thore,  
da steht ein Lindenbaum:  
Ich träumt in seinem Schatten  
so manchen süßen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde  
so manches liebe Wort;  
es zog in Freud' und Leide  
zu ihm mich immer fort.

Ich muß' auch heute wandern  
vorbei in tiefer Nacht,  
da hab' ich noch im Dunkel  
die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,  
als riefen sie mir zu:  
'Komm her zu mir, Geselle,  
hier find'st du deine Ruh!'

Die kalten Winde bliesen  
mir grad ins Angesicht;  
der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,  
ich wendete mich nicht.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde  
entfernt von jenem Ort,  
und immer hör' ich's rauschen:  
"Du fändest Ruhe dort!"

By the well at the town gate  
there stands a lime tree;  
in its shadow I have dreamed  
so many a sweet dream.

On its bark I have carved  
so many a loving word.  
In joy and sorrow it drew  
me to it again and again.

Just now my journey took me  
past it in the dead of night,  
and even in darkness  
I had to close my eyes.

And its branches rustled  
as if they were calling to me:  
"Come here to me, lad,  
here you will find your rest!"

The icy winds blew  
straight in my face:  
my hat flew off my head.  
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours  
distant from that place;  
yet still I hear the rustling:  
"There you would have found rest!"

## Auf dem Flusse

Der du so lustig rauschtest,  
du heller, wilder Fluß,  
wie still bist du geworden,  
gibst keinen Scheidegruß.

Mit harter, starrer Rinde  
hast du dich überdeckt,  
liegst kalt und unbeweglich  
im Sande ausgestreckt.

In deine Decke grab' ich  
mit einem spitzen Stein  
den Namen meiner Liebsten  
und Stund und Tag hinein:

Den Tag des ersten Grußes,

You who so merrily babbled,  
clear, wild stream,  
how silent you have become:  
you give no greeting as we part.

With hard, stiff crust  
you have covered yourself;  
you lie cold and motionless,  
stretched out in the sand.

On your crust I carve  
with a sharp stone  
the name of my beloved  
and the hour and the day.

The day I first met her,

den Tag, an dem ich ging;  
um Nam' und Zahlen windet  
Sich ein zerbrochener Ring.

the day I went away;  
round name and figures winds  
a broken ring.

Mein Herz, in diesem Bache  
erkenntst du nun dein Bild?

In this brook, my heart,  
do you now recognize your  
likeness?

Ob's unter seiner Rinde  
Wohl auch so reißend schwillt?

Under its crust  
is there a roaring current too?

### **Der stürmische Morgen**

Wie hat der Sturm zerrissen  
des Himmels graues Kleid!  
Die Wolkenfetzen flattern  
umher im matten Streit.

How the storm has torn  
the grey mantle of heaven!  
The wisps of cloud flutter  
about, jostling feebly.

Und rote Feuerflammen  
zieh'n zwischen ihnen hin;  
Das nenn' ich einen Morgen  
so recht nach meinem Sinn!

And tongues of red fire  
flicker among them.  
I reckon this is a morning  
to match my frame of mind!

Mein Herz sieht an dem Himmel  
gemalt sein eig'nes Bild –  
es ist nichts als der Winter,  
der Winter, kalt und wild!

My heart sees in the sky  
its own painted portrait.  
It is nothing but winter,  
winter, chill and savage.

### **Parc Monceau**

Hier ist es hübsch.  
Hier kann ich ruhig träumen.  
Hier bin ich Mensch,  
und nicht nur Zivilist.

Here it is pretty.  
Here I can calmly dream.  
Here I am human,  
And not just a civilian.

Hier darf ich links gehn.  
Unter grünen Bäumen  
sagt keine Tafel,  
was verboten ist.

Here I may go left.  
Under green trees,  
no sign says  
what's forbidden.

Ein dicker Kullerball liegt auf dem  
Rasen.

A big ball lies on the lawn.

Ein Vogel zupft an einem hellen  
Blatt.

A bird plucks one bright blade.

Ein kleiner Junge gräbt sich in der  
Nasen

A young boy picks his nose

und freut sich, wenn er was  
gefunden hat.

and is happy to find something.

Es prüfen vier Amerikanerinnen,  
ob Cook auch recht hat und hier  
Bäume stehn.

Four Americans check  
If Cook was right, that there are  
trees all around.

Paris von aussen und Paris von  
innen:  
sie sehen nichts und müssen alles  
sehn.

Die Kinder lärmten auf den bunten  
Steinen.  
Die Sonne scheint und glitzert auf  
ein Haus.  
Ich sitze still und lasse mich  
bescheinen,  
und ruh von meinem Vaterlande  
aus.

Paris from the outside and Paris  
from the inside:  
they see nothing and must see  
everything.

The children are making noise on  
the colorful stones.  
The Sun shines and glistens on a  
house.  
I sit still and let my light shine,  
and rest from my Fatherland.

### **Credete alle femmine**

Credete alle femmine che dicono  
d'amarvi!  
Di un nulla si sdegnano, minaccian  
laschiarvi.  
Di donna l'amore  
È un foco che muore appena brillò.

Credete a quest'nomini che avete  
di'intorno!  
Per tutte sospirano, non amano un  
giorno.  
Son l'aura d'estate  
Che più non trovate appena spirò.

In Italia certamente non si fa l'amor  
così.  
In Turchia certamente non si fa  
l'amor così.

Ma se dura la questione prende  
fuoco e se ne va.  
Si discorra colle buone ed allor si  
placherà.  
Dunque sperar non posso!  
Dunque schernita io sono!

La vostra man...  
Non posso.  
Idolo mio, perdono!  
Lo meritate?  
Lo v'amo.  
E mi amerete?  
Ognor.

Who can believe women who say  
they love you!  
For nothing they get angry,  
threaten to leave you.  
The love of a woman is like a flame  
that dies no sooner than it begins  
to shine.

Who can believe these men that  
you have all around you!  
For all women they pine, they don't  
love but one day.  
Men are like a summer breeze,  
that you can no longer feel no  
sooner it begins to waft.

In Italy, one certainly doesn't make  
love like that.  
In Turkey, one certainly doesn't  
make love like that.

But if the quarrel continues, he'll  
flare up and go away.  
Let me speak in a nicer way and  
then he/she will calm down.  
So, to hope I cannot!  
So scorned I am!

Your hand...  
I can't.  
My idol, forgive me!  
Do you deserve it?  
I love you.  
And will you love me always?  
Always.

Tu m'ami lo vedo, mi fido, ti credo;

Ma torna a dirmelo ancor.

Se infido/a ti sono.

se mai t'abbandono

Sia sempre la pace straniera al mio  
cor.

You love me, I see it, I trust you, I  
believe you;

But again, tell it to me once again.

If I am unfaithful to you,

if ever I should leave you,

may my heart nevermore have  
peace of mind.

## **El pan de Ronda**

Aunque todo en el mundo fuese  
mentira,

inos queda este pan!

Moreno, tostado, que huele a la  
hara de monte,

ique sabe a verdad!

Although everything in the world  
were a lie,

We still have this bread!

Brown, toasted, it smells of the  
mountain flower,

it tastes of truth!

Por las calles tan blancas, bajo el  
cielo azul,

vayamos despacio, partiendo

este pan

ique sabe a salud!

Along the streets so white under  
the blue sky

Let's go slowly,

breaking this bread

that tastes of health!

Y aunque todo en el mundo fuera  
mentira, iesto no lo es!

Vivamos despacio la hora que es  
buena,

iy vengán tristezas después!

And although everything in the  
world were a lie, this is not!

Let us live slowly the hour that is  
good,

and let sadness come later!

## **La mi sola, Laureola**

La mi sola, Laureola,

La mi sola, sola, sola.

My only Laureola,

My only, only, only.

Yo el cautivo Leriano

Aunque mucho estoy ufano

Herido de aquella mano

Que en el mundo es una sola.

I, Leriano, am your captive,

But I am proud,

Wounded by the hand

That is unique in this world.



## **Polo**

Ay! Guardo una "Ay!"  
Guardo una pena en mi pecho,  
Ay! Que a nadie se la diré!

Oh! I keep an "Oh!"  
I keep sorrow in my chest,  
Oh! No one I will tell, so be it!

Malhaya el amor, malhaya,  
Y quien me lo dió a entender! Ay!

A curse on love, a curse,  
and who can make me understand  
it! Oh!

## **Hold Your Head Up High**

How it rambles 'round the moon  
A let-go-of balloon  
Nothing is forever, everything is soon

And my father as he stands  
A perfect cartoon man  
Heavy-sighed and open-eyed, I heard him speak

Hold your head up high  
Hold your head up high

Rise it up, it's fine terrain  
The time will come again  
And misery's no rest for weary gentlemen

See that humankind is you  
Like all the rest, down to  
The scratches on the album that you're singing to

Through the light and through the shadow  
I won't wait it out, wait it out

Biting clovers in the lawn  
A solitary fawn  
Underground, the new life thunders up and on